

1609/580.3

SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS,

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

ON

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1791.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. WOODFALL,

FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1791.

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Mr. JOHNSTONE,
Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.
Mr. WILSON,
AND
Mrs. BLAND.

Messrs. DAVIES, CHAPMAN, CUBITT, &c. &c.

Mrs. BANNISTER, ILIFF, EDWARDS, TAYLOR.

FONTENELLE, DE CAMP, &c. &c.

VOCAL CHARACTERISTICS

THE JOURNAL

OF THE AMERICAN

MUSICAL

ASSOCIATION

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AND

THE CANADIAN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION

S O N G S, &c.

IN THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

S O N G.—SERJEANT.

MY comrades, so famish'd and queer,
Hear the drums how they jollily beat !
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Altho' we have nothing to eat.

Rub a dub.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Nothing to eat—Rub a dub,
Rub a dub—we have nothing to eat !

II. Then

II.

Then, hark to the merry-ton'd fife——

To hear it will make a man younger ;

I tell you, my lads, this is life !

For any one dying with hunger.

Toot a too.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Dying with hunger—Toot a too,

Toot a too, we are dying with hunger !

III.

The foe to inspire you to beat,

Only list to the trumpet, so shrill !

Till the enemy's kill'd we can't eat ;

Do the job—you may eat all you kill.

Ran ta ran.

C H O R U S.

We'll eat all we kill ; ran ta ran !

Ran ta ran, we may eat all we kill !

SONG

S O N G.—O'CARROL.

(Old Irish Tune.)

OH! the moment was sad, when my love and
I parted :

So vourneen deelish ailein oge !
As I kifs'd off her tears, I was nigh broken
hearted.

So vourneen deelish ailein oge !
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my
shoulder,
Damp was her hand—no marble was colder !
I felt that I never again should behold her,
So vourneen deelish ailein oge !

II.

When the word of command put our men
into motion,
So vourneen, &c. &c.
O, I buckled my knapsack, to cross the wide
ocean.
So vourneen, &c. &c.

Brisk

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder !

Pleas'd with the voyage — impatient for plunder ;—

My bosom with grief, was almost torn asunder.

So vourneen, &c. &c.

III.

Long I fought for my country, far from my true love ;

So vourneen, &c. &c.

All my pay, and my booty, I hoarded for you, love ;—

So vourneen, &c. &c.

Peace was proclaim'd ; escap'd from the slaughter,

Landed at home—my sweet girl I fought her ;—

But forrow, alas ! to her cold grave had brought her.

So vourneen, &c. &c.

The second Stanza of the foregoing Song is omitted in Representation.

GRAND

 GRAND MARTIAL CHORUS.

I.

WAR has still its melody :——
 When blows come thick and arrows fly,
 When the soldier marches o'er
 The crimson field, knee-deep in gore ;
 By carnage, and grim death surrounded,
 And groans of dying men confounded ;
 If the warlike drum he hears,
 And the shrill trumpet strikes his ears,
 Rous'd by the spirit-stirring tones,
 Musick's influence he owns :
 His lusty heart beats quick and high.——
 War has still it's melody !

II.

But when the hard-fought day is done,
 And the battle's fairly won ;
 Oh ! then he trolls the jolly note,
 In triumph, thro' his rusty throat :

B

And

And all the story of the strife
He carols to the merry fife.
His comrades join, their feats to tell ;
The chorus then begins to swell :
Loud martial music rends the sky !—
This is the foldier's melody !

END OF ACT I,

A C T II.

DUET.—LA GLOIRE AND MADELON.

“Chloe.”

I.

MADELON.

COU'D you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twou'd break my heart to stay,
When you were gone campaigning.
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Cou'd never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Wou'd go with you all the world over.

II.

LA GLOIRE.

Cheer, cheer my love, you shall not grieve;
A foldier true you'll find me:
I shou'd not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.

B 2

Ah!

Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shou'd never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shall go with me all the world over.

III.

LA GLOIRE.

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fear a stranger?

MADELON.

No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger.
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Fears only for her rover!
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

IV. BOTH.

BOTH.

Then let the world jog as it will,
 Let hollow friends forsake us;
 We both shall be as happy still
 As war and love can make us.

Ah! non, non, non,
 Pauvre Madelon

Shall never quit her rover;
 Ah! non, non, non,
 Pauvre Madelon

Shall go with {^{you}_{me}} all the world over*.

SONG.—MADELON.

“*D'un Bouquet de Romarin.*”

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
 While at home she tarries,
 What must be the lass's life
 Who a foldier marries.

Nor with weary marching spent,
 Dancing now before the tent——
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly foldier.

* The second Stanza of the foregoing Duet is omitted
 in Representation.

II.

In the camp at night she lies,
 Wind and weather scorning ;
 Only griev'd her love must rise,
 And quit her in the morning :
 But, the doubtful skirmish done,
 Blithe she sings at set of sun,
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly soldier.

III.

Shou'd the Captain of her dear,
 Use his vain endeavour,
 (Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear),
 Two fond hearts to sever :
 At his passion she will scoff,
 Laughing thus, she'll put him off,—
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 For her jolly soldier!

SONG

SONG.—MADELON.

“ My Zelica now.”

I.

I tremble to think that my foldier's so bold,
To see with what danger he gets all his gold;
Yet, danger all over, 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're
marry'd.

II.

For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear foldier's lot;
And he shall be master of all I have got,
The very first moment we're marry'd.

III.

My heart, how it beats ! but to look to the
day,
In church, when my father will give me
away :
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many
say,
A day or two after we're marry'd.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

SOUND, sound, in solemn strains and flow;
Dully beat the muffled drum;
Bid the hollow trumpet blow;
In dreaded tones, clear, firm, and low;
For see! the patriot Heroes come.
Peace to their noble souls! their bodies die,
Their fame shall flourish long in memory!
Recorded still in future years,
Green in a nation's gratitude and tears.
Peace to the Heroes, peace! who yield their
blood,
And perish, nobly, for their country's good!

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SONG.—O'CARROL.

" Young Casey's the Lad."

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and
frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
whiskey ;
My uncle was rich, but wou'd never be
easy,
'Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Casey !
My dear little Sheelah, I thought wou'd run
crazy,
When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal
Casey !

II.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was
thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was
sinking ;

C

But

But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a
daisy,

For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Casey!

The devil go with him! I ne'er cou'd be
lazy,

He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal
Casey.

III.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me
rarely;

And who shou'd the first be that dropt?—
why, an't please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal
Casey;

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Casey.

Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal
Casey,

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

English.

REAR our English banner high,
In token proud of victory !
Where'er our god of battle strides,
Loud sound the trump of fame ;
Where'er the English warrior rides,
May laurel'd conquest grace his name !

French.

Yet on the victor's heart let Truth engrave,
That heaven-born Mercy best becomes the
brave,

English.

Rear, rear the English banner high,
In token proud of victory !

T H E E N D.

(19)

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THAT our English land is
In token proof of victory
Where'er we go of old and new
I look to see the flag of peace
Where'er we go of old and new
May surely come to his name!

For on the victor's flag
That heaven-born glory shines
I have seen the flag of peace
Where'er we go of old and new

And now the English banner
In token proof of victory

THE END

